

Dr. Will Masters

* Chemistry Test *

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"The Bionic Woman" PROD DRAFT 3/14/07
CONTINUED:

BECCA

I don't need a baby-sitter.

Jamie opens the door. Mrs. Arkady steps in, hearing the last bit.

MRS. ARKADY

Don't think of me as a baby-sitter.
Think of me as a prison guard. I
brought Farcheesi.

Becca is exasperated. Just as the door is about to close,
Will enters: Kisses Jamie, gives her flowers, then--

WILL

Hey, Becca.

Becca turns, walks back into her room, slams the door, the
STEREO comes on. Loud. Will puzzles, not sure what he said.

MRS. ARKADY

(to Jamie and Will)
Go. I dealt with Milosevic, I can
deal with her.

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

22

An upscale restaurant. Jamie's aloof. Not eating her dinner.
She reaches for her wine, which she's been ignoring, about to
take a sip, then thinks the better of it.

Start —

WILL

...I think there's a pretty good
chance the grant'll come through.
The institute's indicating it's a
done deal. And Paris is great in
the spring and...

He trails off, realizing she's not listening. There are tears
in her eyes. He doesn't get it.

WILL (CONT'D)

You're not happy.

JAMIE

Of course, I'm happy--

WILL

Because I think you should come
with me.

JAMIE

I can't--

(CONTINUED)

1/4

WILL
Why not?

JAMIE
I have a job--

WILL
Jamie--

JAMIE
And a life.

WILL
We're talking Paris--

JAMIE
And I have responsibilities --

WILL
Did I mention it's Paris--

JAMIE
I'm pregnant.

That shuts him up for the first time.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's what I said.
(rapid, nervous)
I don't want you to-- I just-- I know this isn't something you just spring on someone, except for the part where that's exactly what I am doing to you right now. And I know you're in a place where you can't even think about this and it's been like what, 6 months that we... And God, I'm only twenty-four and it's not-- I mean I said to myself, there's only one thing to do --

WILL
Jamie--

JAMIE
--but the point is I couldn't even think about it, not even for a second. And it just feels-- like this is something I'm going to do. I don't know how-- but somehow. And I know this is my choice, and I'll live with it. I'll take responsibility for it. I will--

(CONTINUED)

2/4

A long awkward beat, followed by--

WILL

Five months, fourteen days.

JAMIE

What?

WILL

That's how long we've been dating.

She looks at him.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm a scientist, which means I look for rational ways to describe my environment. If I hear music, it means the stereo's on. I see fireworks, it's the 4th of July.

He leans in.

WILL (CONT'D)

Jamie, if someone'd asked me five months and fifteen days ago if I believed in love at first sight, I'd've said that I absolutely did not, and the next day I would've been proven wrong.

JAMIE

Will--

WILL

Marry me.

Will drives, Jamie sits shotgun, down a dark winding road.

JAMIE

(a long beat, then:)

You don't have to, you know...
Marry me.

WILL

I know, and I'm still asking. So, what does that tell you?

Jamie doesn't know how to respond, then

JAMIE

My sister--

3/4

(CONTINUED)

WILL

There's plenty of room in my apartment for the three of us.

JAMIE

Four.

WILL

(he smiles)

Right. That's what I meant. The four of us.

(then:)

Looks like you're all out of excuses. So, whattaya say, wanna spend eternity together?

- stop

Then it just happens: a blinding flash of white light, and a car plows into Jamie's side at 90 mph.

The car spins 180 degrees, flips, slides on its top for 40 yards, sparks flying.

QUICK CUTS INSIDE:

JAGGED METAL tearing free from the door--

Will's seatbelt catches him--

BROKEN GLASS raining everywhere, some of it RED with BLOOD--

UPSIDE DOWN, as the CAR TOP CRUMPLES in from IMPACT--

A SPEAR OF METAL tearing into Jamie's arm--

THE DASHBOARD buckling like paper to CRUSH down on her legs--

The car slams into a telephone pole, crushing Jamie's side. The debris settles.

Will's car's silent. Then:

Will slowly bleeds in, craning his neck, in pain, sees Jamie--

WILL (CONT'D)

(upside down, moving)

Jamie? Jamie?!

The perp car idles. Suddenly, the door opens. Someone gets out.

(CONTINUED)

4/4